That were his Lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,
But markt him not a word; O, he is as tedious
As a tyred Horſe, a rayling Wife,
Worſe then a ſmokie Houſe. I had rather liue
With Cheeſe and Garlike in a Windmill farre,
Then feed on cates, and haue him talke to me,
In any Summer-houſe in Chriſtendome.
Mor. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In ſtrange concealements, valiant as a Lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull
As Mines of *India*: ſhall I tell you, Cooſen,
He holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And curbs himſelfe, euen of his naturall ſcope,
When you come croſſe his humor, faith he does:
I warrant you, that man is not aliue.
Might ſo haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the taſt of danger and reproofe:
But doe not vſe it oft, let me intreat you.
Wor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And ſince your comming hither, haue done enough
To put him quite beſides his patience:
You muſt needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault,
Though ſometimes it ſhew greatneſſe, courage, blood,
And thats the deareſt grace it renders you:
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of manners, want of gouernement,
Pride, hautineſſe, opinion, and diſdaine;
The leaſt of which haunting a Nobleman,
Loſeth mens hearts, and leaues behinda ſtaine
Vpon the beautie of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.
Hot. Well, I am ſchoold, Good-manners be your ſpeed,
Heere come our wiues, and let vs take our leaues.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My Wife can ſpeake no *Engliſh*, I no *Welſh*.
Glen. My Daughter weepes, ſhee'le not part with you,

Shee'le

Shee'le be a ſouldier too, ſhee'l
Mor. Good father tell her,
Shall follow in your conduct
Glendower ſpeakes to her
him in
Glen. She is deſperat heere,
A peeuiſh ſelfe-wil'd harlotry,
good vpon.
The Lady ſp
Mor. I vnderſtand thy loo
Which thou powreſt downe f
I am too perfect in, and but fo
In ſuch a parley ſhould I anſ
The Lady againe
Mor. I vnderſtand thy ki
And thats a feeling diſputatio
But I will neuer be a truant lo
Till I haue learn'd thy langua
Makes *Welſh* as ſweets as ditti
Sung by a faire Queene in a S
With rauiſhing diuiſion to he
Glen. Nay, if thou melt, the
The Lady ſpeake
Mor. O, I am ingnorance i
Glen. She bids you on the
And reſt your gentle head vp
And ſhe will ſing the ſong tha
And on your eyelids crowne
Charming your blood with p
Making ſuch difference betw
As is the difference betwixt da
The houre before the heauen
Begins his golden progreſſe i
Mor. With all my heart I
By that time will our booke I
Glen. Do ſo, and thoſe Muſ
Hang in the ayre a thouſand
And ſtraight they ſhall be he

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